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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

FOUNDED IN 1875.

Middlebury College, March, 1885.

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MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1885.

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows :

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, three books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero. six orations. including the four against Catiline; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the VIIth Chapter. or Allen's to the 24th Lesson.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books; Jones' Greek Composition, twenty lessons.

Ancient and Modern Geography, Greek and Roman History.

Arithmetic; Algebra through Quadratics and three books of Wentworth's Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS—Latin Grammar, (Harkness): Latin Prose Composition, (Arnold); Latin Synonyms, (Dœderlein); Selections from Livy; some Philosophical Treatise of Cicero; Horace's Odes and Epodes; Xenophon's Memorabilia; Herodotus; Homer's Odyssey; Greek Composition, (Jones); History and Antiquity; Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb, (Goodwin); Algebra, (Wentworth); Geometry, (Wentworth); Rhetoric, (Kellogg).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires; Tacitus; Juvenal or Persius; Exercises in Writing Latin; Demosthenes; Sophocles; Plato; Boice's exercises in Greek Syntax; Analytical Geometry, (Briggs'); Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical, Mensuration, Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation, (Wentworth); Calculus, (Loomis); Trench's English Past and Present.

JUNIOR CLASS—Otis' Elementary German; Goethe's Prose; Ganot's Physics; Newcomb's Astronomy; Chemistry, (Elliot and Storer); Botany, (Gray); Rhetoric, (Whately); Logic, (Jevons).

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy, (Cary, Fawcett); International Law (Woolsey); History of Civilization (Guizot); Butler's Analogy; Fine Art, (Torrey); Natural Theology, Moral Science, (Calderwood); Psychology, (Lectures); History of Philosophy, (Schwegler); Geology, (Dana); Zoology, (Orton); English Literature, (Shaw); Forensic Discussions; Review of Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty.

In the study of Chemistry unusual facilities are offered. Each student is expected to do practical work at the tables furnished in a neatly fitted and well-equipped Laboratory.

In Natural History, besides the text-book exercises, frequent dissections are made before the class pursuing Zoology. Field work is done by the class in Botany, and expeditions into the surrounding country by the class studying Geology. A herbarium is prepared by each student of Botany and prizes are awarded for the best collections.

An extensive and completely arranged Cabinet of rocks, minerals and fossils is designed for the constant use of the class in Geology.

The Cabinet and Museum contain a large number of specimens, and are designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes, are newly arranged in the new cabinet, and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains 13,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement, and a thousand dollars is to be expended during the fall term for new books. The books are conveniently arranged in the new library room and are open to the students from 12 to 2 o'clock.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

Board at the Boarding Hall for $2 00 per week.

CALENDAR.

1884. Sept. 11.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.
Dec 23—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of two weeks.
1885. Jan. 8.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
March 24.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
March 24.—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
April 9.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 23—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 28.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society, Sunday.
June 30.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni, Tuesday.
July 1.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 10—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address the President,

CYRUS HAMLIN,
Middlebury, Vt.

The Undergraduate.

VOL. X. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MARCH, 1885. No. 5.

CICERO ON HIS EXILE.

O ROME! high-throned on seven hills, again
I see thee, and again my heart swells high
With joy; for bitter are the tears we shed
In exile, and more bitter mine than all.
For shame I bore away, beside my grief—
I should have stayed, when, coward-like, I fled.
And yet I know not—many lives were saved,
And bloodshed and dismay, in holy Rome.
Did I not, then, by flight a public good?
My enemies were strong, and I went forth
To wander desolate upon the earth,
Far, far from mother Rome, and all I loved;
To beg my bread of those that might not give
To me on pain of death; to weep and weep,
Until my eyes were blinded by my tears,
And I could weep no more for shame of grief.
And thou, my trusting wife, Terentia,
My Tullia, and my sweet son Cicero,
How sad the life I led, in fear for you,
Lest ye should perish by my flight, and I
Should have your blood forever on my head!
Was this that Cicero whose voice had hurled
Its thunders loud on Catiline, and waked
The echoes of our stately Capitol?
Was this the man that saved the life of Rome,
And snatched the firebrand from her palaces?
Whom men hailed Consul, and did give to him
The name so well won, few had earned before,
Salvator urbis, Pater Patriæ?

I *did* preserve the city, I. When that
Arch-fiend and traitor, Lucius Catiline,
Conceived his crime against our commonwealth,
Made sharp the dagger that should pierce her heart,
My hand it was that struck that dagger down.
When none could know the foe, and danger lurked
In every home, of sack and fire and sword;
When scoundrels, men of blood and panderers,
Despisers of the gods, for whom hell flung
Her brazen portals wide, adulterers,
Thieves, gluttons, slaves, the murderers of wife
And child, with all the vile and fickle dregs
Of Rome's fierce, hungry, venal populace
Prepared to batten to satiety
In one foul carnival of lust and blood,—
From such a fate I saved thee, Rome. My voice,
More potent far than Pompey's arms, laid bare
The plot, and drove the plotters out of thee,
Unmasked. Though not yet conquered, soon with life
He paid his forfeit of iniquities;
He died accursed, and Rome drew breath again.
For this my recompense was banishment.
For this, my city, didst thou exile me.
But yet it was not Rome, but enemies,
Whose plans I brought to nought, though they were ripe,
And waited but the time; and some there were
That hated all my popularity.
But I've had rich reward for this my woe,
So sweet the very gods might envy me.
For whom, before, have Rome's proud senators
Put off their robes of state to don the garb
Of grief, while he they mourned was living still,
And sworn that they would wear it till the law,
Which banished, should restore again? For whom,
Before, were ever letters sent abroad
Through all the provinces, implorlng them,
If they loved Freedom, that they send to Rome
Meet embassies, which there should supplicate
Their favorite's recall? As Sicily,
The fairest island in the ocean's bounds,
Has done for me, in gratitude for her
Deliverance from cruel Verres' rule.
And O that happy day of days, when all
The Roman people vindicated me,
And Italy, with straining eyes bent toward
That lonely point in Greece, prayed fervently
The gracious gods would bring me safely home!
And when we sailed and reached Brundusium
And journeyed thence toward Rome, in every town
And village on the way the joy was great.
The people thronged in gala-dress, as if
To look upon some mighty conqueror—
A conqueror, they knew, had shed no blood
Of friends, nor trampled on their liberties.
And so did Italy make holiday,
While on the nation's shoulders I was borne
In peaceful triumph back to warlike Rome,
Where thousands waited me, as if it were
Some Pompey fresh from eastern victories,
Or Scipio, returning from the walls
Of Carthage overthrown. As mounted on
The victor's golden chariot I came
Within the sacred city, there I heard
A thousand times ten thousand Romans shout,
In cheers that deafening though their thunders were
Did voice but half the gladness in my heart.
That was a glorious apotheosis!
That day was like an immortality!
For such an hour who would not undergo
Another exile? It was worth a life
To see those thousands, know they welcomed me.
That shout will sound forever in my ears—
Salvator urbis! Salve Cicero!
And down through all the farthest flights of time
That name shall go, and I shall still be called—
The proudest title man has ever worn—
Salvator urbis, Pater Patriæ!

THE RAPIDITY OF CIVILIZATION AND CHANGE.

COULD we but look beneath the veil which spreads itself over sleeping Rome and Athens, we should behold the beginnings of that mighty force which is carrying man towards the goal of perfection. On two mighty nations, separated by the clear, billowy waters of the Adriatic, the lands of physical and mental superiority, the foundations of civilization. Rome, plunged in war from the beginning till the end of her existence, roused man for the first time to the life of a being of activity and thought. Well might she be called the revolutionist of the world, as she lay quietly surveying it from her severe summits.

Soon Rome found herself engaged in a war with Carthage, which for 22 long years laid waste her fields and slaughtered her armies; if the latter had won the day the whole future history of the world would have been changed. Instead of the magnificent rule of the Roman conquerors, spreading widecast the fruits of an earlier civilization and bringing wise laws and classic culture to their Augustan age, the fair fields of Southern Europe would have been overrun by a horde of swarthy Africans, whose barbarous customs would have blighted for centuries the promising bud of a youthful civilization. Greece also played a great part in the advancement of the world. Nations seized eagerly the truths she made manifest. Even Rome studied under her great masters. Must we not then confess that these two countries were the beginning of a new creation? Their institutions not only diffused their influence through Europe, but revolutionized all the known world. Let us now change the scene to our own shores. Four centuries ago Columbus was slowly wending his way through the waters of that sea, never before traversed, to a land of famine and death, the habitation of savages and wild beasts. Allow now the picture of progress and science, of industry and achievement to rise with the image of to-day before your minds. Civilization must have advanced by long strides to have reached such a degree of perfection. It is not so far around the world as it was a single century ago. The old and the new world are but a single week apart. Invention has connected every nation; the produce of China has found itself in every market. Commerce carries a bond of friendship between all lands. The emblems of all nations unfurl themselves in the same harbor.

But not to dwell longer on this point, which in the most skeptical mind cannot be denied to indicate the ratio of improvement and change, let us look on that which distinguishes man and which has made him what he is—knowledge and Christianity. That the future prosperity of a nation is dependent on her youth is a self-evident truth. England knows this to be a fact, else why did she establish that system of education of which she might well be proud? In America our colleges are turning out thousands of young men, who some day will take their part in moulding the course of public events. Secondly, there is scarce a town in our land where the word of God is not now heard. But Christianity does not shine at home alone. It is piercing the darkness of idolatry and heathendom and dispelling the fears and doubts for so many centuries entertained. It is easy to prophesy that the day may yet come when even Africa, with the aid of Christianity, shall stand out as a peer with any country. How strange it seems to us to look back on those dark days of ignorance and superstition, that a change was not sooner effected. Was nature the reason? Did not the same sun revolve in the same orbit, and the same moon and stars shine bright as now, unfolding in knowledge and truth? But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The world was not ready to step from the cradle into the manners and customs we now enjoy, and for which man has so patiently toiled. Might it not be a reasonable theory that the universe, starting in darkness and superstitution, shall end when all is known, when perfection is reached?

Some day those vast regions of snow and ice, which now baffle every attempt of man to fathom their mysteries, will be known and frequented. Thus from the days of old, change has been ever busy. Civilization, knowledge and Christianity have all had their birth; not only the powers operative in every nation, but possessions which every thinking being may enjoy.

THE AILMENT OF POLITICS.

WE have just passed through the long humiliation of another presidential campaign. Disheartened, we have waded through its mud and dragged our weary and worn opinions to their last battle. Pelted with lies, when we could, we have dodged them, and when we couldn't, every missile of slander that the scavengers of society could scrape from the slums of politics has been gathered for our

use and slung into the camp of the enemy. We have seen lovers of truth desert to falsehood and partisans of fairness stoop to meanness. We have seen calm men showing their teeth and passionate men exhausting their very last resource in their vocabulary of political invectives and lazy men working hard in the invention of lies.

At last, with tongues that are weary of calumny, heads that are tired of reasoning and hearts that are sick of turmoil—human nature stills the riot of its prejudice and the clamor of its passions in the hush of awaiting the result. It comes. A few more days and the cheers of the victors and the sneers of the defeated spend themselves in a final skirmish of ugliness. After a few slashing editorials, the newspapers drop off one by one their superlatives and begin to aim to tell the truth again; the hard fought roosters of the various parties finally recognizing the usages of modern society, courteously smooth down their ruffled feathers. Men begin to laugh at their madness and smile at their enemies. Betting is dead in the market and swearing at a discount. The American people find their common sense again, and, laying aside the weapons of their style, make the most they can of their breathing spell until the political tricksters they so love to obey shall draft them into the service of the next campaign, and again harness their opinions to the cause of the "available candidate." So sings the song of modern politics, and it sounds like the dirge of modern statesmanship. Every four years takes up the refrain, and the voice of a growing population swells it into a chorus that is beginning to open the eyes of sleeping men, startle their brains into thinking, and their thinking into votes, and their votes into principles.

Do not misunderstand me. There are as noble men in public life today as ever held the loving trust of a people. There is a catalogue of names, every one of which adds a jewel to the crown of the Heir of the Nations. Let us call them statesmen. There are as little men in public life today as ever decoyed the thoughtless votes of a busy people. "All that glitters is not gold." Let us call them politicians. We do not accuse them of dreadful intentions, but of bad results. We do not smirch their names with stains of crime and rottenness. We grant them respectability, honor and conscientiousness, if you like (with exceptions). But we claim that their respectability is better adapted to a loving fathership in their own families than to a selfish leadership among the people; that their honor is better applied to the principles of an honest private business than to the conduct of public affairs; that their conscientiousness is better used in wisely expending their own fortunes than in trifling with the destinies and possibilites of a nation!

Is holding an office in the gift of a nation a business or an honor, a speculation or a trust?

Is wire-pulling patriotism and machine manipulating statesmanship? The time has come when politicians are not servants of the people, but servants of themselves, jobbers in the public welfare. The time has come when political parties are (too little) not the embodiment of principles and the champions of public need, but corporations for money-getting and playthings for political jugglers. Why is this so? Because good men have kept their hands out of the filth of the caucus and yet swallowed the dose on election day. Leave work for the devil and he'll do it.

Why has the spirit of eloquence fled from the contest of politics. Because it breathes the magic of its power only upon the expression of a principle and that is more luggage than the average politician is supposed to carry. How their speeches have degenerated into common-places, diversified with fine frensies which are mere foaming and frothing of words chasing one another in a mad hunt for an idea and quite as often in an attempt to get away from one. For an idea is a dangerous thing for a politician to have, and principles, you know, have an obstinate faculty of not fitting everything and are not sufficiently elastic for political purposes.

The modern politician is one of the most curious phenomena that American civilization affords. It is said that a race rather like him flourished in England many years ago; but that John Bull, who, as we all know, is the happy possessor of a vigorous constitution and a strong will, urged into immediate treatment by the parasite infesting him, took a thoroughly English allopathic dose of Civil Service Reform and has never been troubled since. He heartily recommends said specific to all similarly afflicted, and his glorious health is the admiration of the nations.

The American species, though having many English characteristics, forms a distinct class by itself. Feeding upon richer materials, thriving upon American good nature, it has silently reached a hugeness of development and a tenacity of hold which defies the experts of the day; and, assuming the proportions of a

chronic malady, bids fair to need all the skill that national surgery can afford and the watchful nursing of a whole generation before a cure can be effected.

But the worst feature of the case is that Uncle Sam does not realize half the time his danger. In spite of the spread-eagle compliments we so lavish upon him, it must be granted that if Uncle Sam has any faults, it is that his easy-going and self-confident way of looking at things betrays him into an unbusiness-like carelessness at times quite unworthy of his reputation.

As to the matter in hand, occasionally worried into recognition of its warning, he has regarded it as a passing indisposition and delivering himself into the hands of quack-doctor politicians; they have lulled him to sleep by the use of a liberal number of gingerbread pills in the shape of high-sounding resolutions and a few plausible measures revealing a slight flavor of common sense, strongly diluted with words and sugared with rhetoric, but largely bereft of active curative properties and mainly useful as an anesthetic for temporary stupefying effects.

Where lies the remedy? In the people voting as they think and not as they are told to. In Uncle Sam himself. All the prescriptions that political magicians can devise or philanthropic short-sightedness offer, will spend themselves to no purpose as long as Uncle Sam persists in his reckless course of dissipation, known as the spoils system.

No surface remedy will do. Medicine is made to help nature and not to defy it. Let him submit himself to a plainer diet, foregoing the luxuries of patronage and the stimulants of office. External application to the affected parts in the shape of Civil Service laws and lozenges in the shape of speeches are well enough, but there must be something more. Let him take regular exercise in the open air of free thought, independent action and conscientious voting; and then, if in the bracing atmosphere of hone t opinions and fearless expression of them he does not feel new strength swelling in his million-lived heart and new blood coursing through his mighty veins, with the glad birth of new possibilities up-springing within him, then the accumulated wisdom gleaned from the rich nations of 19 centuries offers its services in vain and the lessons of history lie, and the skill of time is powerless.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—*George MacDonald.*

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mold.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The ax—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord,
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch,
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press,
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

—[*Edmund Clarence Stedman in The Independent.*

Censure is like the lightning which strikes the highest mountains.—*Balthasar Gracian.*

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—*Smollett.*

THE UNDERGRADUATE

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Address all business communications regarding subscriptions or advertisements to the Business Manager.

EDITORIALS.

EVERY decision we make in life has its own issue, and what the issue shall be depends entirely on what our decision is.

The words yes and no are very simple; they are known and used by the great masses of humanity, but this does not detract from their significance. An infant two years old can utter them with ease, but it takes a person of experience, culture and strong will to be an expert in their right application. To use them to advantage and with proper discrimination is certainly an attainment far above the best achievements of thousands. These words considered in themselves are insignificant, and yet when considered in connection with the issues of human life, when they indicate to the world a man's position in reference to important questions; when they mean yea or nay in the House of Lords or in Congress on questions of universal interest, they become weighty and significant in the extreme.

A word signifies nothing unless it stands for something. There must be some object, or quality, or state to which it stands related, before it can convey an idea to the mind. And it is when we denote the obedience of the soul in accepting the things which are noble and true, by the word *yes*, we give it its grandest signification; also when we mean resistance and refusal by the soul of all that is impure and unworthy, by the word *no*, we give it its weightiest significance.

When Cæsar and Pompey had become dissatisfied with each other, and Cæsar commanded by the Senate to lay down his command, he led his forces from his headquarters to the little stream Rubicon. To cross this stream was equivalent to the declaration of war. Here he pondered for hours, considering whether he should say yes or no to the pressing question; but soon he exclaimed, "the die is cast" for the affirmative, and plunged into the river. Thus by a single man deciding a single question in the affirmative the whole government of the vast dominion of Rome was completely revolutionized, or, as the historian puts it, "The republic went out when Cato fell upon his sword at Utica, the monarchy came in with the triumphant entry of Cæsar into Rome in the summer of 46 B. C.

A human life is much like a golden chain, nearly every link of which is a question that must be decided by a *yes* or a *no*. In the right use of these two short words lies the secret of a successful and peaceful life; and could all men have the courage and daring to apply these as truth and justice demand, the world would have less failure and misery to contend with, and more prosperity and real life to gladden the hearts of its millions.

WITH this number of the UNDERGRADUATE the present board of editors will finish their management of the paper. This will be in accordance with the new rule adopted last fall, that the editorial board should be changed at the beginning of each spring term. This is certainly a very excellent change for many reasons. The Senior class during the last term of their college course are well-nigh overwhelmed with work, the review of many studies, commencement orations, and all the general preparations for graduation. And again the new editorial board during the spring term shall have become thoroughly acquainted with their work, and so will be ready to enter upon the work next fall promptly and with vigor. We wish to thank our readers for their patience with us and regret that we did not serve them better. We also hope that the new board will be amply supported

and encouraged in their work, so that the noble work of making our journal a grand success may not be a burden to them but the greatest pleasure.

A REMARK which we hear very frequently is this: That it would be an excellent thing for the students if English Literature came earlier in the course, because he could then much more wisely mark out special courses of reading for himself. There is undoubtedly much truth in this remark, but whether the student would derive more benefit if the study came earlier in the course than he now does is still an open question. For those who are anxious for the best reading, we think it would be an admirable thing to possess Mr. Shaw's "History of English and American Literature." To read this book in course, and take the authors and the works commented on for special reading and study, would be of immense value to any student wishing a thorough acquaintance with the best writers in the English language. There are many other excellent books which are designed as guide-books for the student. It would be a most admirable thing to have some confidential friend who could from time to time point out for us certain authors and books which would be specially interesting and instructive.

WE have noticed of late a good deal of irregularity in our pleasant reading-room. There seems to be a tendency to carry the papers and magazines out of the rooms. We have heard some inquiries for the latest *Independents* and *Harpers*, etc. We think that we should consider the whole apparatus of the reading-room as belonging equally to each student. If it be allowed to take the papers out at all, they certainly should be taken out at such hours as those in which they cannot be used at the reading-room. We must say, however, that until lately the students have acted very manfully and quietly while at the room.

BY next year perhaps we will be ready to elect the officers of the UNDERGRADUATE by competitive efforts. The practice of selecting the editorial board by competition has its merits. In many of our colleges the student gains a position as an editor by being the successful competitor in writing an essay, a review of some book, or a report of some special lecture, etc., as the case may be. There can be little doubt that the best men will be in this way chosen for the several departments of a college paper. Most colleges have at least a few men who are especially adapted for journalism, this is their natural sphere, and in this they will find their life-calling. And, furthermore, these are the men who want the offices, and they are also the men who will make college journalism a success. Let us give some attention to this matter when we come to elect our next board.

IT is very pleasing to notice that our library tables are well filled with the best magazines and periodicals of both England and America. Also that the students make proper use of them. These publications contain the best thoughts of the best thinkers of the present generation, and the student who does not acquaint himself with their contents, to some extent at least, is certainly a great loser.

SOME of our exchanges tell us that President Seelye has advised the Freshmen class not to compete for the honor of a position on the editorial board of the "Student," "On the ground that every man who writes for his college paper lowers his standard of scholarship." We understand that the "Student is quite indignant about this remark, and certainly not without some excuse, for the truthfulness of such an assertion might be very seriously questioned. It by no means follows that because a man is an editor his scholarship must be lowered. Indeed, if we should judge from what we have seen, we would say that in the true sense of the word scholarship, an editor on a good college paper has the advantage of his fellow students.

BEFORE giving up the management of the UNDERGRADUATE, we must express our opinion on a subject which is of interest to every student. As the spring term of every year draws toward its end the student realizes that it is the busiest period of the college year. Orations and declamations are to be learned and preparation made for examination. Annuals are the so-called final examinations of the year, in which the student passes an examination on the work of the previous six months, for the review of which about one week is devoted, and it is necessary to receive such a mark, be conditioned or dropped. Now as to the justice of this system the faculty and students hold different opinions. A professor once

said that it was simply to see whether a student was capable of going on with his class. Now does this examination answer the question? We think that any man that looks at it in the right light will say, No! The best examinations that we have ever passed have been those we have not prepared for in the least. We know of some whom chance has favored and allowed to pass and receive high marks. Let us take Greek for an example of another point. A student is forced to spend three days reviewing about 1200 lines; he recites and passes; is any one surprised! Why should they be; he knows, and even his professor knows, that if he reads it over he can pass. Now is this a test of ability or the result of "recent" study? With what object was the examination established? Was it to compel the student to study hard? If so, it is wholly unnecessary and does not accomplish its end. For of all the students that enter college there are but two classes, those who come to receive an education, devoting their whole time and energy to study; secondly, those who desire the name of college graduates or who come because of parent's desire, this class no power or rule of the faculty can compel to study hard; they would rather run along the precipitous edges of conditions—even risk being dropped. The name "annuals" no longer applies correctly to the final examinations, rather "semi-annual:" but why this change? A few years ago faculties would not have considered such a question as having this work cover less ground; it is not a century ago that we had biennials; but some how the faculties worked the time down from two years to one, and lately the rigid minds of a certain faculty have at last come to the conclusion that the work of two terms is sufficient to test a student, and we have no proof that it may not yet be reduced to one term's work. Would it not be a more orderly division to allow each to be considered separately? The student has just enough time to review such an amount carefully, and with satisfaction to his professor and to himself. During the week or time alloted to him for this review, you see him studying nearly all the time, his book accompanies him wherever he goes, sometimes in the park on the band-stand, in the billiard rooms, (where he can now and then relieve his mind), other times on the river. Now why is he studying in this listless, meaningless manner, to learn or pass examination? Ask every student in college and hear his answer. "We have no time to receive any practical benefit from it, but must get through." He enters the recitation room to draw his lot; for what else can you term it; the subject may be the only one he, as it many times has been even in our small college, that he has not noticed in his necessarily hurried review, or yet again it may be the one he has just seen before entering. We do not state these instances as mere suppositions, but facts, as we know them to have really been the case more than once. We say, as we know many others do, that chance plays too big a part in examination, and that there is injustice in testing a student in such a delicate scale, when even before examination the Prof. knows by daily recitation who is capable of going on with his class. Many a time have we seen a professor not only saddened but surprised at the failure of certain favorites. Now take the conditioned man, he leaves college at the beginning of summer, when all is happiness and joy, when even nature unfolds itself in beauty, striving to make all mankind happy; but is he happy? How can he enjoy himself and rest free from all care and trouble? It seems a slur cast on vacation, intended only for rest. When college commences again, his professors are surprised that he does so poorly; they do not know the trouble of the last two months, nor have they taken into consideration that he has extra studying to do. Well, the condition made up, what of it? Has he a clearer insight into the study? Now allow us to repeat. Should not a professor be able to better judge the capacity or ability of a student by the every-day recitation of the previous six months, than by the examination of "one hour"? If degrees and honors are desired, mark those who desire them. If now these long, hard examinations were removed how much better the result would be. Then the student would study, not from fear of examination, but from desire to learn. In conclusion we desire to answer the question which may be opposed to the foregoing, "What better system, then, can be substituted?" Let each term's work be considered by itself, not in examinations to test ability, which is nonsense, but as reviews, which will furnish a good, strong and "general" idea, of the whole subject, in the student's mind.

WHAT is to become of the classics? This question presses itself upon the mind of every thoughtful student in these days of "new departures." Harvard leads the way in making Greek and Latin purely elective. Now a man can get the

degree of A. B. at Harvard without knowing much of anything about the classics. What will be the result of this new step? Will other colleges follow? The future only can decide.

EXCHANGES.

It is with a hearty feeling of sympathy for our successor that we are obliged to lay down our pen in this department, for with the next number there will be a change in the board, and the present incumbent will be relieved of the painful duty of receiving and giving criticisms for some nonconvincing sentiments or impromptu discussions. Our toil has requitted us nothing. If our pen has been mightier than the sword, if any recurrent thoughts have engendered any valuable suggestions, it is perhaps as recondite as the love of the ancient philosophers, but we wish to arrest nothing of ourselves, only letting our mantle fall where it will not be degraded and trampled upon and reciting our benediction for the next invincible pilgrim.

The exchanges received are few and their contents crisp and inspiring. We notice especially movements for Senior memorial pictures, and this attracts our attention most strongly for there seems to be such a movement on foot even in Middlebury. The excitement is unprecedented. The grotesque appearance that some of the Seniors and even Freshmen with many others have presented, would lead an observer to think that the ghosts of their departed mother-in-laws were stalking forth in search of some wild unknown that existed before the flood. The picture is certainly pleasing. The "memorium" is in form of a plug hat —nothing more.

We are pleased with the following suggestive remarks in the Delaware College *Review:*

We would respectfully suggest to the faculty that there could be a decided improvement on the present system of marking disorders and non-excused absences. As the system now stands there is no chance for explanation whatever, and, as even the "powers that be" err at times, students are often unjustly marked for acts of which they were not guilty.

This with us is true to a certain extent, but we notice that some students are quick-witted enough to foresee the faculty's lack of considertion and readily supply the great need by their own apportune excuses.

There is an article which seems to be sensible in McGill University *Gazette* on "secret societies." Such widely-extended institutions should be thoroughly known before any remarks are proffered.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Northwestern, Archon, Oberlin Review, Argonaut, Ariel, Cynic, Delaware College Review, College Olio, Pennsylvanian, Western, McGill University Gazette, Bates Student, Student, Bowdoin Orient, Badger.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

The Juniors are very busy on their orations.

Wonder how long it will take the reading to die.

Mr. Edward Parker has returned to Middlebury.

Hon. John W. Stewart has returned from Washington.

Another of the stores of McLeod's block is now occupied by Calhoun.

The Seniors are selling out their rooms. Now is the time to make a bargain.

The Senior class has reviews every other Saturday morning from 8 to 9 A. M.

Prof. Mead and family have moved from town to their country residence.

Just one-fifth of the college has been laid up with colds during the past two weeks.

The cloudy weather of Monday afternoon did not allow of a very good view of the eclipse.

Friday evening one of the students was run into by a rapidly-moving sleigh and badly bruised.

Quite a number of Middlebury folks attended the concert at Burlington Friday afternoon and evening.

It is too bad when a young gentleman walks home with his best girl that Grandpa must chaperone them.

Mr. Bond intends to place a piano in the rink. Music by the band is now furnished Saturday instead of Wednesday evenings.

We think the *Register's* criticism as to the production of dramas by the Adelphi society to be just, and not all severe, as some seem to think.

Prof. Seely very kindly offered to give the Senior class extra lectures in geology, but, much to their regret, they cannot spare the time needed.

Quite a number of students were in attendance at the Beeman Academy exhibition, the evening of March 6; some of them walking there and back, a distance of eight miles each way. They say they were well repaid, everything on the programme being well carried out.

Geo. Knapp of '87 has gone to New Orleans.

Whitmore & Clark's minstrels were well received last week. About 600 persons witnessed their performance. They have improved since last year.

The students are anxious for the opening of the graded school next Monday, as some of the young ladies who spend their vacation out of town will then return.

There were a number of invitations sent to the students to attend the "chip and hungry" at Bridport last week. Sorry we could not be present; but it is Lent, you know.

The revival at the Congregational church is to continue through another week. The students are much interested in this work and many attend the services every evening.

The bicyclists are getting rather impatient for spring. A number intend to take another run with the Rutland club this year, as they enjoyed their last visit with them very much.

It is warmer this week than last. Please excuse the above, but we are hard pressed for news, as the editor-in-chief has given us just six hours to invent two or three columns of facts and l—.

The exchange editor has forgotten to mention that the Juniors and Sophomores also form a part of his picture, by adorning themselves with silk hats, which he calls plugs. It is too bad he has not one.

One of the class of '85 was heard to remark the other day, when rather provoked at some imagined injustice of the college: "Well, I won't come back to this college another year, and don't you forget it."

Prof. in English Lit.: "Mr. S., you may tell us what you know about Hugh Miller." *Mr. S.:* "Not being prepared, Professor, I beg you to excuse me, as it would be very 'Hugh-Miller-ating.'" He had to treat.

The business managers of the Junior class have decided to hold the exhibition and hop in the town hall, a course we hope may be followed by the succeeding classes. The Howard Opera House Orchestra will furnish music.

This number of the UNDERGRADUATE is the last to be edited by the present board. According to the new rule the paper is to be given over to the Junior and Sophomore classes at the end of the winter term, as the Seniors have so little time to devote to it, and also that any information desired by succeeding editors may be obtained before commencement.

The following notice was on the bulletin board Friday: "The co-eds, with Mrs. Prof. Brainerd, will be pleased to receive their friends and the students at the "Brown Study," Saturday, from 3 to 5 P. M. No refreshments; bring your girls."

In the following schedule is a complete list of the leading characteristics, habits and opinions of each member of the Senior class: 1 smokes, 6 use slang, 2 are free-traders, 6 are protectionists, 2 are democrats, 6 are republicans, 2 wear glasses, 7 flunk, 6 are kind to the co-eds., 6 know where an accurate record of all acts are kept, 1 has a mustache, 1 had a mustache, 6 expect mustaches, 4 have black hair, 1 has brown hair, 1 has auburn hair, 2 have light hair, 7 drink milk, 1 drinks —? Any one who can correctly name the two who do not use slang, the one that does not flunk, the two who are not kind to the co-eds., can answer the questions whether the six who expect mustaches are going to be disappointed, and, finally, tell what a certain one of the class drinks, will be awarded a prize.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editor of the Undergraduate:

The recent action of the Faculty in regard to the matter of the stolen programmes is so astonishing that it ought not to pass by without a protest. Such a decision as they made helps to undermine their authority, and goes far to overthrow what had been accomplished in the interests of decency at the Junior exhibition. Practically they say they can do nothing to punish rowdyism on that occasion, and that stupid and malicious students may follow their own sweet will unchecked. They retreat from the position so finely taken, of suppressing that nuisance at any cost. They have "roared you an 'twere any sucking dove," and that is all. They have ungenerously failed to support their President, when, one would think, such support ought most to have been given. The following awful example of parental severity illustrates very well their course in reference to the remission of the tax levied on the Juniors:

Irate mamma—Willie, come right in here. Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you played in that nasty gutter, say?

Young hopefnl—I don't care. I'd just's lief come now, 'cause the other boys 're gone.

I. M.—Never mind, you shan't go down town with me this afternoon.

An hour later, the irate mamma and hopeful son emerge from the house, and turn their steps down town.

The startling similarity of the course of this Spartan mother to that of our Faculty is significant.

A most extraordinary thing is the announcement made by one of the professors to his class, and made with apparent satisfaction, that the fine had been remitted, *as unjustly imposed.* Unjustly, indeed! Whatever else it may be, it certainly is not unjust that '86 should be made to pay for what it stole, as '85 was given to understand it would be. Not all of '86 was concerned in the theft, it is true. The rooms were entered and programmes stolen by two or three individuals. These persons at once fathered the thing upon the class and the class did not repudiate it. They accepted the responsibility, and made themselves answerable. Had they wished to get out of the case, they would immediately have disclaimed the theft and let those who carried out the plan bear its consequences. There was not one of them willing to deny a share in it, or to say, when called on to do so, that he was not engaged in the theft. Their plea, that there is no legal proof against them, is all nonsense. They tacitly consented to the theft, and admit that they are voluntary accomplices after the fact. Not one of them is willing to clear himself by disavowing connection with the affair. They thereby implicate themselves. They want to eat their cake and have it, too, to have the reputation of having annoyed '85 and yet to be free from all responsiblity.

In view of these facts it certainly does not seem unjust that '86 should be made to pay for stolen property. The action of the faculty is inexplicable. It seems a tame submission to an impudent threat, by which they invite the disaffected to take similar measures.

More, they seem wholly to have disregarded the interests and rights of the Seniors, whose side of the question has been always overlooked. The Faculty, with the exception of Dr. Hamlin, whose kindness and generosity are not the less appreciated by the Seniors because they cannot accept his aid, cannot complain if suspected of unfairness. They have in the strangest manner ignored the class of '85, in favor of a class which has not shown itself amenable to college authority; which has distinguished itself by a treatment of its instructors as uncalled for as it was ungentlemanly, the unvarying stupidity of whose attempted capers has only been equaled by the ignominious failure attending them, but whose success on one occasion has so inflated them that they cry victory high and low.

Injustice there certainly has been, not toward the class of '86, but toward those whose property it stole

'85.

OBITUARY.

CATHERINE DENTON PARKER.

Some of the most delightful remembrances carried away from Middlebury by the graduates of the college, as well as some of the precious memories retained by them through life, have been those associated with the name here written. The mention of the name of Mrs. Professor Parker will stir in the minds of a host of the alumni of Middlebury college a tide of thought and feeling. The recollection of the cordial reception by her in their first experiences of college, the continued interest she took in them while here, the good-bye that was spoken at their leaving on graduation day, and the welcome they knew they were sure to receive on their return on anniversary or other days will always remain with them. To them and to the many friends of the college who at anniversary times and times without number have shared the hospitality of the house Mrs. Parker made so inviting, the following inscription will have a sad interest:

BORN, JULY 6, 1820.

DIED, MARCH 16, 1885.

Between these two dates a life coming to earth and ceasing from earth has developed a character beautiful and helpful, rounded out by usefulness and leaving other lives better from the companionship. To many the being and doing of this life has been a source of

unspeakable good, while the ceasing from activity here is a cause of profound sorrow.

Mrs. Parker, as Miss Catherine Denton, was educated at Mrs. Willard's seminary at Troy. Her ability as well as her scholarship at the seminary caused those who had the direction of affairs there to wish her to remain with them as teacher; but she preferred that her field of teaching should be elsewhere. She took a position in the St. Lawrence Academy at Potsdam. N. Y. Here she was married Nov. 24, 1846, to Prof. Wm. H. Parker, who at that time was principal of the Academy.

Since her removal to Middlebury on the acceptance of her husband in 1848 of a professorship in Middlebury College she has been one of the prominent members of College society. All the interests of College have been her interests; the students, the Faculty, the alumni the corporation and the friends of the College have had her large support and generous sympathy. The young man seeking to become a member of the College, the oldest alumnus of the College, and all between, found a warm heart and a friendly greeting awaiting them at her home. By her many sacrifices as well as by her graceful hospitalities she became in many ways part of the college.

The usefulness of Mrs. Parker's life, however, was not confined to College bounds. Fitted by nature and experience to sympathize with the suffering, she was a help to all who came to her for aid. Thousands of unnamed generosities and kindnesses are kept in mind by those to whom she has been a joy and a blessing.

This loving heart, this generous spirit, this sympathizing friend, we as friends miss to-day. A greater loss, a deeper grief comes to those who have known her in the dearer relation of wife and mother. In our personal loss and sorrow, we turn from the newly-made grave to convey to Professor Parker our tenderest thoughts of hope and sympathy, and to his family our heartfelt expressions of love and consolation.

COLLEGE NOTES.

It is said that the Vassar girls do not use the elevator, but slide down on the banisters.

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the college men in the United States are Republicans.—*Ex.*

Harvard is to have a duplicate of the Longfellow bust in Westminister Abbey.

Music is a specialty in Mexico. The conservatory of the city of Mexico has 2,000 students.

Columbia library has been increased by the addition of 15,000 volumes during the past year.

During the past year five universities have been founded in Dakota and two more are projected.

Prof. A. S. Hardy of Dartmouth, author of "But Yet a Woman," has refused the presidency of Bowdoin.

President Eliot of Harvard has been elected president of the national senate of the Phi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

The trustees of Cornell have ordered a statue of Ezra Cornell, the patron of the University. Story is to be the sculptor.

Oxford has suspended 80 students for playing pranks upon college officers. Rowdyism is not confined to the New World.

Two scholarships will be established next year at Harvard, by members of the class of '55, which will each yield $300 annually —*Ex.*

Henry Ward Beecher was a low-stand man at Amherst. His average for the entire four years was but fifty-eight on the scale of a hundred.

Prof. Harkness refuses to accept the position as resident supervisor of the Athenian School. He cannot be spared from Brown.—*Brunonian.*

At Princeton a sketch club has been formed with a membership of twenty. The club is working under the direction of Mr. Baer, one of Harper Brothers' staff of artists.

A new chapel and new observatory are being erected at the University of Virginia. The university has just received a bequest of $470,000 from Mr. Austin of Massachusetts.

The Freshmen of Cornell have published resolutions condemning cane-rushes and pledging themselves to do all they can to abolish them. They have the support of the Juniors in their action.—*Ex.*

The faculty of Harvard have passed a motion to establish a joint-conference committee of students and faculty. Each class is to be represented by four of its members,who will meet five members of the faculty.

At Lafayette the students are required to attend three services on Sunday and prepare a biblical recitation for the next morning.—*Ex.* Notwithstanding

these requisitions, we would judge from their Sunday cane-rushes, that they were not little angels.—*Ex.*

The Governor of Maine, two councilors, the Attorney-General, and seventy-two college men in the State Legislature are graduates of Bowdoin. The *Orient* claims for Bowdoin more prominent graduates in proportion to the whole number than any other college in the country can boast.

CLIPPINGS.

The Czar gets $8,216,000 a year, with dynamite thrown in.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Suppose we have no sugar?" suggests an English magazine. Well, then, we don't see how you could successfully run a political campaign.—*Lowell Citizen.*

We are told that sparring is now taught as a physical exercise in colleges for women. That settles it. We prefer happy ignorance and a broom-handle.—*Fall River Herald.*

A young lady of Troy received a singular valentine in the shape of a box containing a beef's heart, pierced with a golden arrow of elegant manufacture, set with jewels, and estimated to be worth at least $75. She fed the heart to her pet dog and will retain the arrow as a memento of the calf who sent it.

I suppose the next thing we will hear will be that the English illustrated periodicals have suspended publication because of the American invasion. Already "Harper's," "The Century" and "St. Nicholas" have circulations in that country that few native magazines can get, and now "Harper's Young People" has entered the lists, and boasts of an English edition of 50,000 copies.—*The Lounger in Good Literature.*

A Monstrous Barbarism.—With what Mr. Gosse says about the Philadelphia Municipal Building or Town Hall, we can all agree, and no doubt there are plenty of Philadelphians who would express themselves about that monstrous barbarism in even stronger terms than Mr. Gosse has employed. It is, so far as we know, entitled to be considered the ugliest building in the world—and in saying this we do not forget Mr. Mullet and what he has done; but, though his sins are many, they are none of them very big. Nor is it likely that any great city ever deliberately sacrificed so noble a feature in its plan as the crossing of Market Street and Broad Street—blotted it out so to speak, and made it impossible ever to undo its own mischief. We never visit Philadelphia that we do not wonder how her rich, intelligent and educated citizens could have consented to such an outrage. But after all, the Municipal Building, ugly as it is, is only a more pronounced symptom of the disease of ugly building, with which Philadelphia has been afflicted of late years, and which is probably due to a reaction against the naked severity of her old principles.—*The Studio.*

PLUNDER.

Hello, Freshie! Did you get all the questions? Oh, dear, yes, sir! It was the answers I didn't get.

Prof. (examining his prayer file) Mr. C— absent Thursday and Friday. What is your excuse, sir? Fresh.—Sick, sir. Prof.—Honest?

Junior—"What do you think of the mental calibre of a Senior who spends his time throwing paper balls?" Prof. Kent—"He probably does what he is best fitted for."

Prof.—"Say C—y, have you opened your book since yesterday?" Student (earnestly)—"Prof., I spent an hour on that confounded lesson!" (Tears of sympathy by the class.)

"Step this way, if you please, ladies," said the gracious floor walker, as he led off with a majestic wave of his hand. "We are sorry," said madam; "but we never learned to walk that way."

Professor in Natural Philosophy: "If you place the south end of a magnet at the center of a bar of iron, what poles will be created at the ends of the bar?" Student—"North poles." Prof.—"No, think carefully." "Student (after long and careful meditation)—"South poles."

Freshman (anxiously)—"Will you tell me what *table d'hote* means?" Junior—"Why, yes; that means 'gin-fizz,' you know." Freshman (horrible suspicions confirmed)—"Woe is me! I have been telling all my lady friends that the 'tobble dote' at the 'Eagle' is simply grand."

Act 1. Scene, demonstration room. Innocent Freshman to stately senior—"Please tell me who the Zytes are? Are you one?" Act II.—Unexpected explanation. Act III. Janitor C–K—mopping up the remains of the curious Freshman with a sheet of blotting paper, and remarking: "A very *dezyted* answer."

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls, I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too

funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—Oh dear, I can't remember what she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use; I forget just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything."

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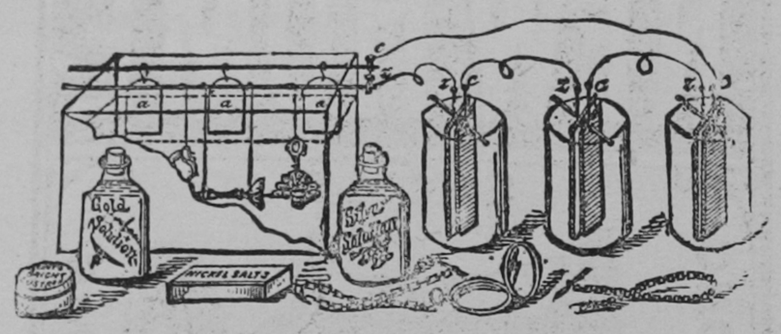

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"Ready for Business": suggestions to boys about to choose an occupation. By G. J. Manson.

"Driven Back to Eden," a serial. By E. P. Roe.

"Talks for Young Folks," a series of popular papers, by H. H. (Helen Jackson).

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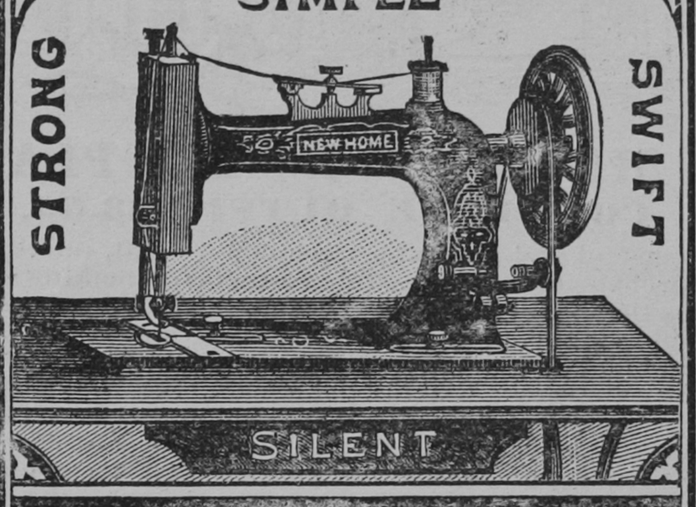

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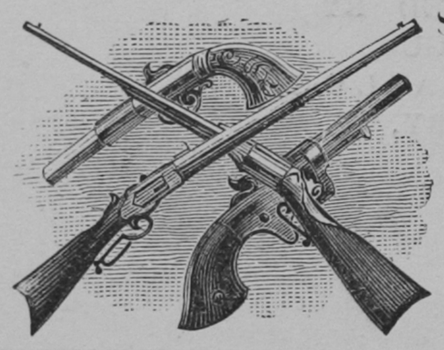

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